



# ALWAYS IN THE LEAD.

## THE PALACE CLOTHING STORE

—OF—

### SIMON ROTHSCCHILD,

Is selling CLOTHING, GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, etc.

CHEAPER THAN ANY HOUSE IN ABILENE. FOLLOW THE CROWD AND YOU WILL STOP AT THE CHEAPEST STORE IN ABILENE, WHICH IS SIMON ROTHSCCHILD'S Palace Clothing Store.

To convince you of this fact I would be pleased to show you, at any time, the most complete assortment in this line of goods in the city of Abilene. As I make Clothing a specialty, I can safely say, without exaggerating in the least, that I can at any time sell you a suit and save you from \$3 to \$5. To convince you of this fact notice the price list and call and examine goods before going elsewhere.

### PRICE LIST.

MEN'S SUITS. From 37 to 42 Size.	YOUTHS SUITS. From 34 to 37 Size.	MEN'S OVERCOATS. From 37 to 42 Size.	YOUTHS OVERCOATS. From 34 to 37 Size.
Sattinet suits,..... worth \$ 8 for \$ 4	Sattinet suits,..... worth \$ 6 for \$ 4	Sattinet Overcoats,..... worth \$ 4 for \$ 2	Sattinet Overcoats,..... worth \$ 4 for \$ 2
Union Cassimere suits,..... " 10 " 8	Sattinet suits,..... " 8 " 5	Sattinet Overcoats,..... " 8 " 4	Sattinet Overcoats,..... " 6 " 4
Union Cassimere suit,..... " 12 " 8	Union Cassimere suits,..... " 10 " 8	Sattinet double faced Overcoats,..... " 10 " 6	Sattinet double faced Overcoats,..... " 8 " 6
All Wool Cassimere suits,..... " 15 " 10	Union Cassimere suits,..... " 15 " 12	Sattinet double faced Overcoats,..... " 12 " 8	Sattinet double faced Overcoats,..... " 10 " 8
All Wool Cassimere suits,..... " 18 " 12	All wool suits,..... " 18 " 15	All Wool Cassimere Overcoats,..... " 15 " 12	All wool double faced Overcoats,..... " 12 " 10
Extra Fine all wool suits,..... " 20 " 16	All wool suits,..... " 20 " 18	All Wool Cas. ex. heavy Over.,..... " 20 " 15	All wool double faced Overcoats,..... " 15 " 12
Extra Fine all wool suits,..... " 22 " 18	English worsted suits,..... " 25 " 20	All Wool Cas. ex. heavy Over.,..... " 22 " 19	Fancy double faced Overcoats,..... " 18 " 15
Extra Fine all wool suits,..... " 25 " 20	English worsted suits,..... " 30 " 25	English Worsted Overcoats,..... " 25 " 20	Fancy double faced Overcoats,..... " 20 " 16
English Worsted suits,..... " 30 " 25	Custom made suits, nobly goods,..... " 35 " 25	English Melton Overcoats,..... " 30 " 25	English Worsted Overcoats,..... " 22 " 18
Custom made suits in fine cassimere and worsted, worth \$30 for \$25; worth \$40 \$30.		English Beaver Overcoats,..... " 40 " 30	English Worsted Overcoats,..... " 25 " 20
			English Melton Overcoats,..... " 30 " 25

I mean business. Come and see me at the PALACE CLOTHING STORE, on Broadway corner Third Street.

### OUR NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

1200

IN CONGRATULATING THE CITIZENS OF ABILENE upon the largely increased volume of business and growth of the city during the past year, and the citizens of Dickinson county upon the great prosperity which has blessed them, the REFLECTOR wishes to briefly mention its own growth.

Its first number was issued on the 23rd of August, 1883, to a community of strangers. Its subscription list did not exceed one hundred names, but from that faithful nucleus a large list has sprung, and to-day we send papers to nearly

1200 BONA FIDE subscribers. And its patrons are numbered among the most reliable and intelligent of the county. Its job and advertising patronage has kept pace with its subscription list, and the paper is on a progressive paying basis.

From this standpoint it is easy for us to wish all  
"A HAPPY NEW YEAR,"  
and an increase of the prosperity which has attended them during the year just closed. But the wish is none the less sincere because it is easy. We are all proud of our achievements, but the work of the past should not be made less valuable by an idle, inglorious present. May Abilene and Dickinson county enter upon the new year with a spirit and faith which will give the power to surpass all previous efforts. Again, "Happy New Year" to all.

#### New Year's Day.

Let us hail the New Year,  
Come our drooping hearts to cheer;  
Happy day of friendly meetings,  
Joyous day of kindly greetings;  
Dawning of a year of blessings,  
Love and peace and sweet caressings;  
Blessings in anticipation—  
Happiness in expectation.  
All is pleasing, joyous, bright;  
Full of half-enjoyed delight.  
See! it comes brimful of pleasures,  
Health and peace and golden treasures;  
Hopeful year of bright to-morrows—  
Or, perhaps, of hidden sorrows.  
Happy that we cannot see  
What is in eternity.  
If we knew our future strife,  
Who could bear the ills of life?  
But our cheering angel, Hope,  
Keeps our sinking spirits up,  
Wipes away the falling tear,  
Promises a happy year.  
Thus encouraged, let us rise,  
Pressing onward to the skies,  
Where all passing time shall be  
Hidden in eternity.

"Hello!" ejaculated a guardian to his pretty niece as he entered the parlor and saw her in the arms of a swain who had just popped the question and sealed it with a kiss. "What's the time of day now?" "I should think it was about half-past twelve," was the cool reply of the blushing damsel; "you see we are almost one."

"If you don't behave yourself I'll lock you up in the chicken house," said a Flushing mother to her bad little boy. "You may lock me up in the chicken house as much as you please but I won't lay eggs; no, indeed I won't."

#### War on the Hungarians.

American Miners protest against their importation into the Coke Fields.

A Scottsdale, Pa., correspondent, of Dec. 23d, says: To-night the following circular is being posted throughout the Connellsville coke region, from Uniontown on the south to Latrobe on the north. It is a renewal of the anti-Hungarian movement:

THE CURSE OF THE COUNTRY.  
THE HUNGARIANS A LOW, INJURIOUS AND DESPICABLE PEOPLE—AMERICAN LABOR MUST PROTEST.

To the citizens of the Commonwealth of Pa.: One of the most degrading importations upon the people of this Commonwealth is the wholesale importation of Slavonians, erroneously known as Hungarians, into the Connellsville coke region—a pernicious custom which must immediately come to an end and the serfs returned, for the following reasons:

These beings are crowding out our miners and laborers, who are established and good citizens, from employment and from their homes.

Their morals are the lowest of any of the Caucasian race, being the lowest of any class of laborers that ever inhabited this country; living in a state of

persecution, regardless of marital relations, and are unscrupulous in all these transactions.

Their intelligence is the lowest in the scale of any class of people in this country to-day. Only about 5 per cent of them can read and write, being far below the average Chinaman.

Much time and labor has been lost by all classes in trying to elevate this people against their own will, but all without avail. Their habits seem to grow worse the longer they stay, until they can no longer be endured. Forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. A people who are degrading to American labor, an injury to our commerce, and a blot upon our commonwealth will not be endured.

American labor as well as American manufacture must be protected.

#### CITIZENS.

The President of the Amalgamated Association, W. F. Barclay, said, "I have been expecting something of this kind for sometime. The places of American miners are being rapidly filled with these Hungarians, who live like dogs and who refuse to be either educated or naturalized. No one knows what our men have to put up with.—The best citizens of the coke country of all classes are against the Hungarians."

Miners are protected laborers, and protectionists tell us that protection benefits the laborer. Does the above article prove the statement? The fact is, while money seeks and obtains governmental protection, labor receives no protection from money. The above is a common trick of protectionists. American labor is discarded for the refuse of foreign countries. Does protection protect the laboring man?

#### The Tyrant Fashion.

The practical man knows little of fashion, and would care less were it not for the fact that his attention is called to the matter in a very practical manner in the form of a milliner's bill, or by his better half insisting on his opinion, and that opinion expected to be that the last bonnet was "just too lovely for anything." For many years millions of our most beautiful birds have been sacrificed each year to be used as decorations for ladies' bonnets. The humane of all nations have kept up a crusade against this ruthless slaughter, but without avail, for this fashion, like all others, kept on until it exhausted itself, and now the other extreme has been reached, and instead of the bird, its mortal enemy, the cat, is now being used as a decoration for the bonnets of our ladies, and, as usual, in all styles, some of them overstep all bounds of propriety.

The following is what the Louisville Courier-Journal has to say on this subject: Farewell, the back-yard fence, the midnight moon! Farewell, the roof-ridge and the chimney-pot! Fare-

well the strident serenade, the sleepless pillow, the wild-whirling bootjack! The cat must go.

It was on both artistic and humanitarian grounds that Mr. Ruskin so fiercely denounced the wearing of stuffed birds as ornaments on ladies' hats. Other voices echoed his, protesting against the ruthless wholesale slaughter of humming birds and songsters to gratify a caprice of fashion. A long, hard fight ensued, which now appears to result in victory for art and humanity. The stuffed mania is on the wane. The bird is saved, and, with that much talked of but little seen justice, the goddess of fashion claims as a sacrificial substitute the bird's inveterate foe,—the cat. "Stuffed heads of kittens are henceforth to replace the birds," says Parisian authority; "and in the largest hats the entire kitten will be visible, peeping out from a jungle of flowers." This is news indeed, calculated to put a new thrill of joy in every canary's throat, and turn the attic window symphony into a merriment. A hundred millions kittens a year, it is estimated, will be needed to supply the milliners' demands. Such slaughter means extinction.

So farewell to old Egypt's goddess Pasht; the Greeks' "beast with the waving tail;" the witch's familiar in all climates and ages. The memory of Mohammed's muzzla avails not to save; nor the traditions of the Chatti of Tacitus; nor sturdy Clan Chattan; nor the "great lady of the cat," as the Gaels term her grace of Sutherland. Fashion decrees it, and the cat must go. Dame Fashion, hitherto we have found fault with you; called you cruel, capricious, silly. But this last freak of yours atones for all. Your heart is in the right place, after all, and we don't care who knows it. Here's our hand. Shake! The cat must go!

But now there arises to vex our souls a troublesome question, which assumes this form:

What are we to do with our boot-jacks?

#### Not A Congressman.

Washington is picking up amazingly, says the Philadelphia Call, and everything points to a brilliant season. It would be hard to find a pleasanter sight anywhere than a Washington saloon-keeper's face just now.

Within a day or two a gentleman slipped into one of the numerous saloons of that city and called for a glass of beer. He then sauntered gracefully toward the free lunch counter and ate everything on it but the mustard.

While he was sipping his beer, the bartender remarked: "Your face is not familiar to me, sir. Probably your first term in congress. From the west, sir?"

"Yes, I am from the west; but I am

not a congressman," the stranger replied.

"Not a congressman," exclaimed the bartender, looking alternately at the lunch counter and the gentleman in great surprise. "May I ask what your business is?"

"Certainly, you may," assented the stranger, as he tendered a lead nickel in payment for the beer. "I am a St. Louis editor."

#### Farmer Jones and the Tariff.

Jones is a long headed, horny handed farmer, who has, by hard work, fair management and a good farm—virgin soil a quarter of a century ago—succeeded in raising a large family, and "just keepin' my head outen water," as he puts it. He was in town the other day, and, as is his way, dropped into our sanctum, and, filling his pipe, squared away for a talk.

"Yes, times is mighty elus, now, with us farmers. We don't git much perfection in this world nohow. The bug comes along, or the blight, and knocks the bottom out o' our wheat fields, and a frost comes along and busts our corn, or the cholera comes and wipes out our pigs, or a lot of fellers who never seed a grain field or a pig pen, drives our producers into one of them 'corners' and squeeze all our profits out 'er 'em. We aint any of us hearn tell yet of any act o' Congress to protect us. Oh, yes, I know the tariff they give. In the duty on wheat, etc., but we aint the fools those Congressmen think we are. Don't you suppose that we know that a duty don't help us s'long as we have to sell our surplus abroad? When this country gets to bringin' in its wheat and other farm truck and its farmer's can't grow enough for home consumption, then the duty might help us, perhaps. But if we don't get any perfection, we hed to provide lots of it out o' our crops. Why, I sometimes feel that I didn't own my farm myself but as if Congress had given a whole lot o' fellows a share in it; sleepin' partners like, who don't do any work on it, ner pay any o' my taxes, ner pay fer the labor, ner share any of the losses with me, but who comes in reglar fer their share of what I raise. Of course they don't take it right outen my granary, but the sugar planter in Louisiana gits about three cents worth of my crops every time I buy a pound of his blasted yaller sugar, and my partners, who live east and run cotton mills, git their share of my crops, to the amount o' three or four cents on every yard of cotton goods I buy, and my partners in Pennsylvania divide my crop with me and take a cent and a half or two cents out of it when I buy a pound o' their rotten nails, and my other partners who are in the woolen bizness—they are the

slickest fellers in the hull lot. I never know just what they do take, fer I dunno what kind o' stuff I git o' them—but they do take a big slice outen my crops during the year, what with their flannels and clothing, and sick like I buy. What makes me the maddest when I git to thinkin' o' this bizness, is the sanctimonious way with which this thing is done, and what an infernal set of blockheads us farmers is to stand it. They talk to us about our dooty to our kentry, how we must help make it independent o' all other peoples, just as if us farmers weren't dependent on furrin folks fer our market; and they talk to us about these manufacturers makin' a home market for our stuff, jess as if it made any difference to us whether the mouth that eats our wheat or pork was in France or Pennsylvania. We don't know that the feller in Pennsylvania pays us a cent more for our truck than tother fellow in France does and then, too, they 'peal to our sympathies to the poor laborer who is competin' agin furrin pauper labor, and they keep on invitin' an urgin these pauper laborers to come over and work in their shops, and they don't say anythin' about our farmers havin' to compete with that same pauper labor in raisin' wheat and pork. Its takin' our money under the falst kind o' pretenses, this; a good deal like a feller takin' up a subscription for some other poor felle's family and shovin' the money in his own pockets. Those sanctimonious, sniffin manufacturers take our money and jew down their workmen, and do it all fer ther 'love of kentry.' I tell you what, Mr. Editor, I went into the war with three o' my boys, and left two of 'em under the sod down thar, to help save my kentry, but I'm gettin to think it aint a kentry wuth savin which helps a lot o' chaps to take our hard-earned money from us fer nothin 'cept a lot o' false pretenses."

#### Christmas in the White House.

Santa Claus visited the White House and presented to the President six gold headed canes and as many silk umbrellas with gold and silver handles. These were mostly from personal friends in New York. He also received several cases of wine and numerous boxes of cigars, besides many other useful and valuable presents. His daughter Nellie's play room resembles a well stocked toy shop, so well was she remembered with Christmas presents. Chester Allan Arthur, Jr., received many valuable presents, including jewelry, canes and umbrellas. The President gave to his daughter a pair of diamond earrings, \$15 and a Christmas turkey. Alexander Powell, his private messenger, received a handsome gold watch and chain appropriately inscribed.

#### "The Tariff" in Society.

A masquerade ball was given at Fort Scott, last week, and its great success did not detract from the attention which one costume attracted. The costume in question represented a dry politico-economic question, "the tariff," in a most ingenious and effective manner. It was worn by Mrs. J. H. Sallee. The dress was made of white tarleton; the right side of the dress, covering one-half of the form, was concealed by half of an old calico dress. This right (calico) side represented protection, and was a study indeed. The right side carried and rested upon a good stout crutch labelled in big letters "tariff," and all over this side at convenient points were fastened small samples of protected manufactured articles, each labelled distinctly and with the amount of tariff on each, as follows: copper 24 cents per pound; flannels, 70 per cent; beads, 50 per cent; diamonds, 10 per cent; linen, 35 per cent; starch, 100 per cent; linen thread, 40 per cent; dolls, 50 per cent; sugar, 47 per cent; crockery, 60 per cent; pencils, 50 per cent; glass, 145 per cent; bags, 40 per cent; cigars, 250 per cent; bonnets, 30 per cent; cottons, 63 per cent; baskets, 30 per cent; gold leaf, 150 per cent; gloves, 50 per cent; pins, 30 per cent; needles, 25 per cent; boots, 50 per cent; knives, 50 per cent; rice, 84 per cent.

"The Tariff" carried about with her a hundred or more printed slips, which were handed to every one she met, reading as follows:

#### PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

"Tariff gathers from the many for the benefit of the few.

Tariff builds up colossal fortunes for the few at the expense of the many.

Tariff protects monopolies. Tariff levies tribute from the sick and the poor to swell millions for the aristocrats.

A protective tariff makes the rich man richer and the poor man poorer.

A protective tariff is class legislation, pure and simple.

A protective tariff protects no one except the monopolist manufacturer.

Infant industries ninety and one hundred years old should be ashamed to ask more protection and nursing.

A protective tariff is a relic of barbarism.

The robbers of the Rhine were true protectionists.

The government has no right to tax my earnings to increase the profits of my neighbor.

A rich man's diamond, jewels and furs are taxed ten per cent.

A poor man's blanket, coat, hat, shoes, and clothing are taxed 60 to 100 per cent.